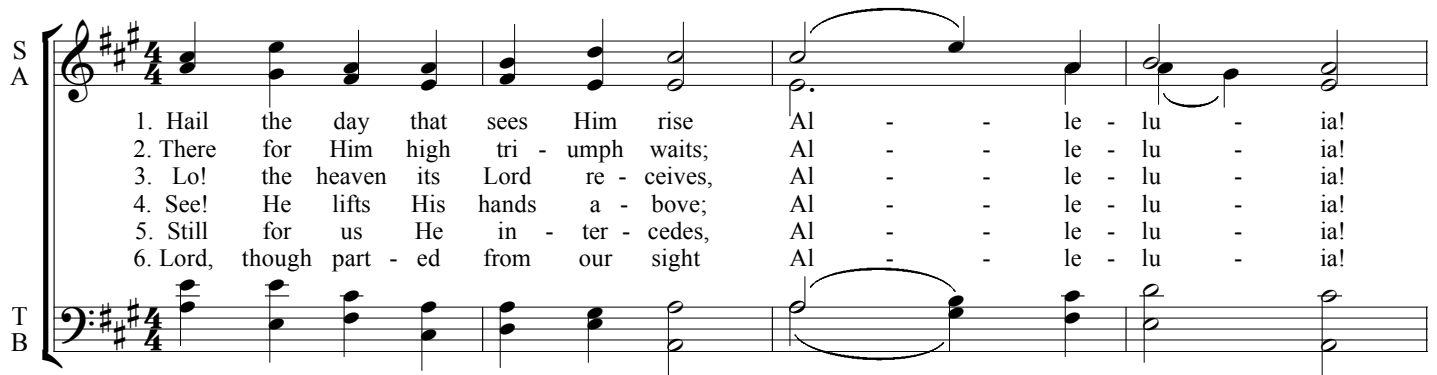


Hail the day that sees Him rise

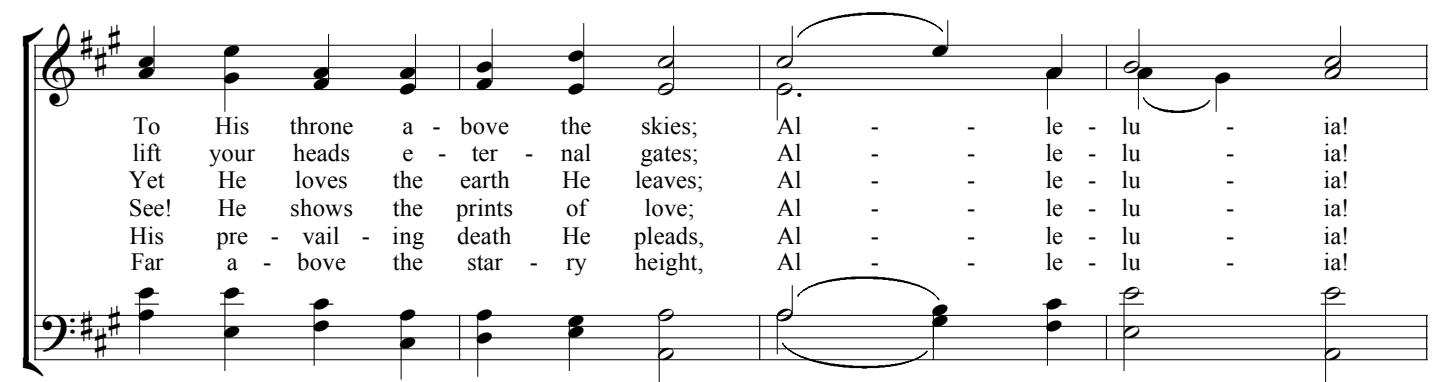
Ascension

S
A

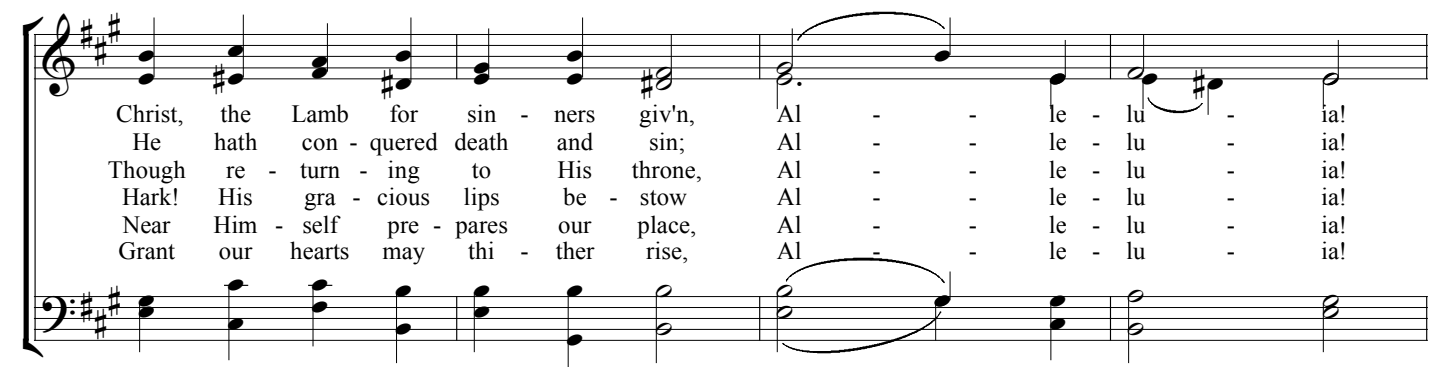


1. Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. There for Him high tri - umph waits; Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. Lo! the heaven its Lord re - ceives, Al - le - lu - ia!
 4. See! He lifts His hands a - bove; Al - le - lu - ia!
 5. Still for us He in - ter - cedes, Al - le - lu - ia!
 6. Lord, though part - ed from our sight Al - le - lu - ia!

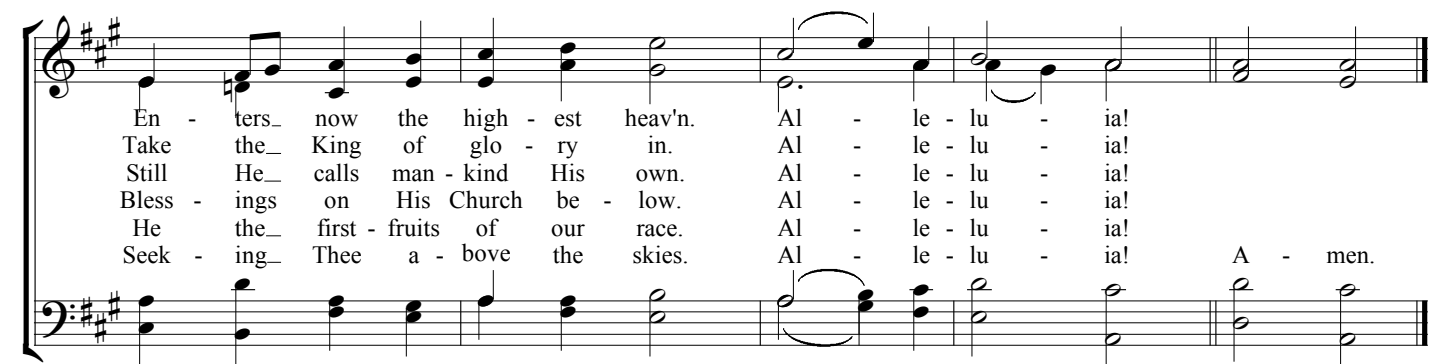
T
B



To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia!
 lift your heads e - ter - nal gates; Al - le - lu - ia!
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Al - le - lu - ia!
 See! He shows the prints of love; Al - le - lu - ia!
 His pre - vail - ing death He pleads, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Far a - bove the star - ry height, Al - le - lu - ia!



Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia!
 He hath con - quered death and sin; Al - le - lu - ia!
 Though re - turn - ing to His throne, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Hark! His gra - cious lips be - stow Al - le - lu - ia!
 Near Him - self pre - pares our place, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Grant our hearts may thi - ther rise, Al - le - lu - ia!



En - ters now the high - est heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Take the King of glo - ry in. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Still He calls man - kind His own. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Bless - ings on His Church be - low. Al - le - lu - ia!
 He the first - fruits of our race. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Seek - ing Thee a - bove our skies. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707 - 1788)

Music: *Ascension*, 77. 77 with *Alleluías*, William H. Monk (1823 - 1889)